

## The Virginia Citizen.

DEMOCRATIC WEEKLY.  
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Friday, December 25, 1908

## CHRISTMAS.

It was at first "Christ Mass," or holy day degenerated from that in our time, and indeed for a long way back. Sorry to say that so many deem it still a day of festivity of a sort that brings little credit to the name of the Christ Child who came down from heaven and was incarnate, dwelling among sinful men and for their sakes became so poor that he had not even a place for shelter save such as was tendered him by those well nigh as poor as he.

We who, if not rich, are at least shelterless, may well be thankful for what is given us, for Christianity brings to us safe abode, freedom to do such worship as we care for, privileges many of which we take little account, they being common.

But it is well to pause and think it over in this season—think over the losses with light remembrance and the gains with lifted hearts, praising the giver of all good gifts for the much we have; of the man who was sent to the asylum for the insane—we are blest that we have reason, and yet it is likely that not one of us ever thanked the giver of intellect that we are not as he; of the poor wretch who is in prison—that blessed choice was it that he was sent, and not our loved son? No fear of that, you say? You cannot say. The very environments that saved him from a fate were given you—a sheer gift and no merit of yours. It was not your house that was burned last year—yet it might have been yours; but are you devoutly thankful?

But enough. "Lift up your hearts." 'Tis not a preach-er's night we would make, but a secular paper might be set down as a mere sermonizer. Only this, that we should be and can be more thankful, and may show this thankfulness by reaching out to others. He who said "as ye have done it unto one of these little ones ye have done it unto me," needs little of our worship save and except that which is shown in just that doing. This writer recalls a family, not at all in affluent condition, rather even poor in this world's goods, who, having provided the Christmas turkey, and knowing of a still poorer neighbor, one to whom affliction of more than one sort had come, sent the turkey to the poorer neighbor, and the turkey thus sent made all concerned doubly happy.

Oh but it's a fine world, this one of ours! Fine if we elect to make it so. Bad, poverty-stricken and barren, if we so choose. We make it—yes, we who clamor because it is not to our liking, and grumble and growl when our likings clash with nature—and set up a howl because we cannot have our full of self and selfishness. But we can make a world of light, of sunshine, not only for ourselves but for those about us. How? Be thankful. Just this one day be thankful. If the demon of discontent creeps in, show him the door; say to him, "This day at least shall be mine thankfully to enjoy." Then, if you can make one day sunny you can make all the days sunny, and your days of light will light many who, not well knowing how to do, can at least bask in your sunshine.

Try it—just this one Christ Mass day, this day of days; and what you can do one day you can do all days.

"God bless all," said tiny Tim. So this Christmas day the CITIZEN says—"God bless all."

Local option is making Virginia practically saloonless outside of Richmond and the big ports. Why should the anti-liquor people risk a reaction by rushing into statewide prohibition and making Virginia another Maine?—Norfolk Landmark.

You can count upon it that the conservative sentiment in the Anti-Saloon League will counter, and the convention next year will not declare for "state-wide prohibition." The temperance movement is progressing under local option, and wise counsel will prevail to keep it so, risking no reaction.

We ain't bragging just now on our salubrious climate—sprouting sweet 'taters one night and reaping icebergs the next morning—a school of porpoises goes frolicking in the Rappahannock Sunday, and Tuesday morning buttercups are peeping through a snowy veil.

If Mr. TAFT is really sincere about placating—or, assimilating—the South he will drop such bombast as Lake, Wright from his cabinet and take up simple, pure, aggressive Republicanism like Alvah H. Martin of Virginia.

As ONE result of the "call down" by his court and people the German Emperor has forsaken drink forever. Now some will be unkind enough to quote—"when the devil was sick, the devil a monk would be," etc.

## FISH AND OYSTER NOTES.

Oysters are selling at 35 cents a bushel on the lower Rappahannock. And just to think, they are about 35 cents a taste up here. And yet blessings are not so unevenly distributed after all. The Tidewater folks do not know the joys of Rockingham pompos. —Harrisonburg Daily News.

The supply of oysters at Newbern, N. C., market continues large. From four to ten oyster boats are usually found at the docks any day. The quality is good, but the oysters rather small and the price low. Very often they can be bought from the boats for 35 cents per tub of five pecks at retail. Opened they sell from 60 cents to \$1 per gallon. —Corry Times-Dispatch.

Hundreds of barrels of menhaden and other small fish have drifted ashore at Wrightsville Beach, N. C., and along the Cape Fear Coast. Whether they died in schools of some disease or were effected by the dynamiting of some wrecked off the Carolina coast by the United States revenue cutter Seminole, or by practice with the heavy guns at floating targets from Fort Caswell last Wednesday is not known.

A preliminary meeting for the organization of a proposed national association of commissioners of shell fisheries will be held in New York on January 15th. The states interested are Maine, Massachusetts, Connecticut, Rhode Island, New York, New Jersey, Delaware, Maryland, Virginia, North Carolina, Georgia, Florida, Texas, Louisiana, Mississippi, Oregon, California and Washington, all of which have given the proposed organization enthusiastic endorsement.

Our oystermen and men with canned goods think that money could not be scarcer or times more distressing with them if Hon. W. J. Bryan had been elected as our President, as no one will buy oysters or canned goods at anything like a living price. Large boats loaded with nice oysters and large warehouses filled with canned goods, but no one will buy them, and our oystermen can do nothing but hope and wait for a market, and many of our men in the canning business can't pay their growers. —Westmoreland Corr. N. N. News.

The State Fisheries Commission met at Murphy's last night and disposed of much business, the greater portion of which was of a routine nature. All the members were present, and at the end of the session Chairman W. McDonald Lee said nothing of general public interest had been considered. Mr. Lee brought with him a large quantity of seed oysters taken from Pocomoke Sound, the ocean side of the Eastern Shore, and the Rappahannock River, with which to demonstrate the unusual, heavy spaw which prevails in all the waters of the State during the present season, and he showed them to his colleagues and others who called at his rooms. He says nothing to equal it has ever been known by the oldest oystermen. —Saturday's Times-Dispatch.

**TIDINGS FROM THE YORK.**  
EDITOR CITIZEN:—No good thinking people believe one-half that has been said in the Times-Dispatch as to the scarcity of oysters. The tongsers say it is not true. While many oysters in the James have been killed by the freshets, the rocks in York river are in finer condition and more oysters on the rocks than for the past five years. York river can supply our markets with all the oysters they want, and would be glad to have market for them. Oysters that brought 50 to 60 cents per bushel last season are bringing only 25 to 30 cents this season. The Boards of Fisheries have always done their duty and enforced the laws. I have been in close touch with each board and have always found them ready and willing to enforce the laws whenever they were violated. I don't believe any set of men could have improved the past year's reports. I will say this to you, Mr. Lee—you have devoted your time and brain doing your duty, and the people of Gloucester are with you from start to finish. Very truly,  
C. H. MUSS.

## TEMPERANCE AND GOVERNORSHIP.

Colonel James Mann, of Norfolk, Va., campaign manager of Judge William Hodges Mann, who is a candidate for Governor of Virginia, while in Washington, says the Herald, set at rest all rumors that Judge Mann would modify his temperance views.

"Judge Mann has not receded one inch from his temperance views," said Colonel Mann. "He does not intend to recede one inch. He stands now where he has always stood—for progressive temperance legislation which will be sustained by the people. He favors any restrictions of the saloon which the people will support and sustain."

"I am certain Judge Mann believes the abolition of the saloon will be the ultimate result in Virginia."

"At heart Judge Mann is dry," I have heard him make speeches in which he declared that he would gladly give up his life if by so doing he could destroy the secret of making intoxicants. It is a moral issue with him, and not a political one.

"The last conference I had with Judge Mann he told me that he is satisfied now from reports he has been receiving from all sections of the State that he will get more votes than all his opponents combined. His strength is growing daily, especially as he is identified with the temperance movement."

"The Mann law, the first progressive liquor legislation passed in Virginia wiped out 800 saloons. That law knocked out the saloon in country districts, which have no police protection."

Colonel Mann declared that he did not know whether Judge Mann favored State-wide prohibition in Virginia at the present time. He said he did not know whether the Nottoway candidate would think Virginia is ripe for such a movement.

## BOAT NOTES.

The blizzard of Tuesday disarranged steamer schedules.

See change of schedule on fourth page of Rappahannock and Potomac boats.

In the storm Tuesday two large barges harboring in Lawson Bay, lower Rappahannock, broke from their moorings and went ashore on Sturgeon Bar.

## SOME PERTINENT FACTS

Deduced From Newspapers by  
Auntie Spec.

**EDITOR CITIZEN:**  
I remember ones hearing Gregory, the banjoist of Lee's army, say that during a fight he was always found where the bullets were thickest, viz., under the ammunition wagon; and that he usually had to comb out of his hair the bullets that sifted through the cracks in the wagon body.

This seems to me to be very applicable to those Richmond and other papers and individuals that are endeavoring to roast the Commission of Fisheries for what they have done, should have done, might have done, couldn't have done and didn't have done. They are just simply back in the rear under the ammunition wagon, knowing nothing about the fight at the front and are just uttering about, being "where the bullets are thickest."

Now, if Bryan had not elected the oyster Commission would not have had any of this to hear, for the great Commissioner would have been the cause of low prices, the reputed scarcity of oysters, the freshets, etc. Of course we are still under the beneficent rule of the great Republican trust-busters and the Democrats can't be blamed, so the Commission of Fisheries has got to bear the brunt until times get better, and then when the great Republican wave of prosperity sweeps over Tidewater the members can sneak off to their lairs and muse over what they might, could, would or should have done.

In scanning the papers I have cut out a few clippings which, according to certain papers, the Commission of Fisheries is surely responsible for. Here is one from the Times-Dispatch of recent date:

"Explosion of a pan of oysters frying over a gas stove caused an alarm of fire from a saloon on East Main Street yesterday afternoon."

Of course the Commission had got tired of being jumped on and caused the oysters to explode in our Capital city as sort of an object lesson; or else the long suffering oysters became so indignant that they could not hold in any longer. But prima facie evidence would lay it on the broad shoulders of the Chairman of the Commission.

Here is a little ditty from the Fishing Gazette:

"It is reported that millions of trout died in Massachusetts this year as a result of the fall drought."

Can it be possible that our oyster and fish Commission is guilty of this too—"way down East"? Sure! Nothing easier. If they can kill the seed oysters in the James and Potomac by freshets—their power being unlimited—surely it is a small job to knock out the trout crop in Massachusetts by drought. Norfolk papers will please sit up and take notice. You can now see why you don't have any spot or blues, for of course the Commission met the spot and other game fish outside the Cape this summer and paralyzed those coming into the Chesapeake, and you had to import them from New Jersey. Kindly impart this information to your Board of Trade committee.

The papers have been raising Cain about Virginia's importing oysters from Maryland, when in truth they come yearly from the Potomac, which belongs as much to Virginia as to Maryland.

Now how does this little extract from a Virginia paper hit you?  
"Virginia is importing more seed potatoes from Maine. There arrived in port yesterday the schooner Young Brothers, 795 tons net, and Edward Stewart, 353 tons net, both from Stockton Springs, Me., and each loaded with a cargo of seed potatoes for local dealers. The Maine product is planted here and it is said that the truckers have gotten good results."

Great Scott! What, Virginia importing seed potatoes? The great Tidewater section and the glorious Eastern Shore—the home of the starch bird that graces the table of the Emerald Isle—six times a day, the foundation of the seductive cod-fish-ball; the backbone of pork friarasses; the inner lining of lob sconch; the great mixer and creamed a la duchesse; to be imported! Well, WELL, WELL! Is the Commissioner of Agriculture the cause of this? You jump on the Commission of Fisheries about importing seed oysters, now jump your Commissioner of Agriculture for importing seed potatoes.

Better look out, importing the negro from the North brought on the Civil War, better go slow on the potato.

Now, here is the acme of the whole thing, something that I think will settle forever the demand for the luscious bivalve. It is an extract from a speech of Professor Starr, of the great Chicago University, on the Philippine Islands and their customs. In speaking of eating dog, the learned professor says:

"Why, do you know that I have seen people in this country who would eat a dog? I have done it myself. Think of a person who eats raw oysters sneering at a people who eat clean cooked dog."

There you have it in a nut-shell, the ne plus ultra of the oyster business. I have seen on the horizon for years a rival to the great oyster industry, and here it is. Mark my word, that Professor Starr knows whereof he speaks. Connected with that great University controlled by the millions of the great Standard Oil Octopus his words should make us pause and think. I say the oyster industry is doomed. Tide-water sections will have a rest and the dogs can be raised up in weeds, for of course there will be different grades, like there are oysters and different breeds will bring fancy prices for a while. There will be the famous Blue pointers instead of Blue points. Pups will be culls, half grown be standards, full grown primos; Bull-dog raw-bones, and St. Bernard Selects. Your local papers will get letters from correspondents reading somewhat like this:

"Miss Antedeluvian Telescope gave a delightful dog roast last week in honor of her guest, Miss Stenographer Telephone. They had the dog-gondast time you ever saw," etc.

Then the young man will take his best girl to a restaurant and call for deviled dog, or spitted dog, or maybe roasted in the hide, or on the half skin, or creamed dog with dog-fennel sauce. Then you can, when you give a big eat, serve white fennel-cream of dog, or dog short cake, dog on toast, panned dog—anyway that oysters are served you can serve dog. Again, church festivals can

have dog suppers of the famous Spitz variety. And instead of tobacco sauce we would use dog-fennel sauce, which would give our farmers something to do raising it. And we could do away with this much maligned Commission of Fisheries and have a Commission of Puppets. We could then let loose certain newspapers, for instead of the expression "Dumb as an oyster," we would have "Howling like a dog."

Mr. Editor, the oyster has the star fish as an enemy in the North and the moon gazers in Tidewater Virginia. Yet I don't know but that those would-be critics of the Commission of Fisheries are simply doing them good. The sculptor has to continually cut and chisel marble to make the beautiful statue. Most any kid can throw a handful of mud on a wall, a marble building and apparently ruin it, but the first gentle shower will wash it off. So let those drier and woe-bey Baysurvey-breakers howl. They are under the ammunition wagon; they'll go to sleep after their scare is over.

AUNTIE SPEC.

GLOUCESTER OYSTER DEALER  
Says Dealers and Others Cry  
"Scarcity" for a Purpose.

[Richmond News-Leader.]  
Oysters are a drug in the markets of the State. There are more and better oysters this year than in ten years.

The tongsers and dredgers are unable to dispose of their catch. There are planters and oyster growers in the State who are anxious to sell fine oysters at \$2.50 a barrel.

This was the information given by a gentleman from the oyster section of the State. The speaker has an interest in an oyster tract in Gloucester county, and he said today that he had 7,000 bushels of the finest he had seen for many years and that he would be willing to sell them for thirty cents a bushel less than he received last year.

The whole trouble is that the dealers raised a hue and cry early in the season about the scarcity of oysters," he declared. "They can handle fewer oysters and receive a larger price by keeping the supply down. The tongsers and dredgers are willing and anxious to sell oysters at almost any price in order to enable them to live through the winter."

"Another thing," the cry about the scarcity of oysters has succeeded in driving from the State many of the dealers who received Virginia oysters, and in order to retain their trade this year, after hearing that there were no oysters in Virginia, they went to other markets and brought disaster to the oystermen of this State. Go down the oyster sections and see what the oystermen are doing and hear them talk, and in less than ten minutes they will demonstrate that there are more and better oysters this year than the State has ever seen."

W. McDonald Lee, the Chairman of the State Board of Fisheries, says the same thing. But the price for oysters here this year is out of all proportion to that of former years. The local dealers are charging more than for a long time. About once a week a schooner comes to the docks with the very finest of oysters, the men opening them at the docks and selling direct to the consumers. This is not generally known, but such is the fact. The oystermen make the catch and set sail for this city, and they are furnishing the very best of the bivalves at prices less than are charged by the local dealers. They receive more money than if they were to sell to the shippers at other places and the oysters sent to this city by freight or express.

Along about Christmas it is expected that there will be a number of oyster boats heading this way, due to the fact that the men who buy and ship oysters to this city to supply the local dealers are keeping the prices down below the figure which the oystermen think they ought to be. The oysters coming here are from York river, James river, Chesapeake bay and Hampton Roads.

OYSTERS BECOME ABUNDANT.  
[Danville Register.]

The excitement raised by certain Virginia newspapers as to the scarcity of oysters has given place now to an attempt to explain the sudden over-supply, which some of the papers characterize as a glut. The Staunton Dispatch editorially called attention to the fact that the oysters were so plentiful on the Eastern Shore and other places that they should be bought for a song, but lamented the fact that the price was so high that but small quantities were sold on that market for the reason that few could afford them at the price.

The Newport News Times-Herald, commenting on this "glut of Virginia oysters," admits that a surplus exists there, but attributes it for the most part to competition from Connecticut. It is related that the Connecticut planters are able to grow a better oyster at less cost than those produced by Virginia planters, and that these enterprising New Englanders have established agencies throughout the West and are cutting out the middleman's profit and underselling the Virginia oyster.

Our contemporary states that it is informed that Virginia oystermen cannot afford to sell their oysters at such a price as to meet this Connecticut competition.

This explanation will hardly fit with the Staunton complaint of the high prices on that market and of the demand for oysters there at a reasonable price.

But the remarkable part of the story is that the Times-Herald recently seconded the Richmond Times-Dispatch's alarming claim that the Virginia oyster supply was being depleted and that oysters were so scarce that the tongsers could not make a living. This indignation in the industry was attributed to the scarcity of oysters then. Now it is attributed to Connecticut competition. But whatever the cause, the fact is that the important fact is that oysters are plentiful, despite the solemn and reiterated assurance of the Richmond Times-Dispatch to the contrary. What has become of its agitation for the closing of the Bay survey and the lease of bottom therein to oyster planters?

As we pointed out at the time, there was no shortage of oysters and all the agitation about the alleged scarcity of them was a part of a scheme to agitate the opening of the public oyster rocks to private planters, who would exclude the thousands of tongsers who earn a living thereon. It is a peculiar coincidence that our Richmond contemporary has suddenly abandoned its agitation and is keeping a "glut" of oysters on the subject since the existence of a glut became known.

LETTERS TO  
SANTA CLAUS.Desires of the Little Ones Told to  
Dear Old Santa in his Far Away  
Home, Through the Citizen.

[Dolla have struck the popular fancy this Xmas. Teddy Bears, for some years the rage, has taken to the "tall timber."—EDITOR.]

DEAR SANTA:—Please bring me a gun and some nuts.  
DAVID CHRISTOPHER.  
Hardings, Va.

DEAR SANTA:—I am a little girl four years old. I want you to bring me a doll baby, candy, cakes, nuts and a lot of goodies. I will be a good girl and will go to bed soon.  
Your girl,  
LULA ROAN HAMMONDS.  
Irvington, Va.

DEAR SANTA:—I will write a few lines to you saying what I would like for you to bring me. I want a little trunk and some candy and nuts and this will be enough. I have nothing more to say, good by.  
MARY ALICE DAVIS.  
Miskimon, Va.

DEAR SANTA:—I want you to bring me an air rifle, a ball, a train, a story book, some cakes and candies, apples and oranges, some fire crackers. I hope I am not asking for too much. By by.  
From your little boy,  
ALTON DYKE.  
Irvington, Va.

DEAR SANTA CLAUS:—I am a little boy six years old. I want you to bring me a watch, a pair of gloves, a pair of Sunday pants, some candy, nuts, etc. I will be a good little boy until Xmas and won't ride on wagons any more.  
I am your little boy,  
MALCOLM LEE HAMMONDS.  
Irvington, Va.

DEAR SANTA CLAUS:—I will write and tell you what I want you to bring me. I wish you would please bring me some nice candy, cakes, oranges, apples and nuts, and any thing else you wish to bring me. I hope you want think I am asking for too much this time. By by.  
From your little boy,  
BRUCE WELFORD DYKE.  
Irvington, Va.

DEAR SANTA CLAUS:—As I am a very small boy I will not ask for very much this time, but you can bring me a drum, a rubber doll, and a rattle box and some candy and cakes. This is all I will ask you for this time. By by.  
From your little boy,  
BRUCE WELFORD DYKE.  
Irvington, Va.

DEAR SANTA CLAUS:—I have a little nephew just four months old. He wants a dress, a coat, a rattle and a carriage. I am past eleven years old and I want a ring, a bracelet, a necklace and a set of hair for my big doll. Don't forget me, Santa. I am your little girl. Good bye.  
From BLANCHE LEWIS.  
Rehoboth Church, Va.

DEAR SANTA CLAUS:—Please bring me some trimmings for my Christmas tree, and put it in the sitting room this year. I want a baby carriage and a Teddy Bear. Is that too much? I am going to put an apple in my stocking for you. Good bye.  
Your little friend,  
ELLEN DOUGLAS OLIVER.  
Irvington, Va.

DEAR SANTA CLAUS:—As I love you so much I know you won't forget me. Please bring me a little doll, a table, a tea-set, a mouth organ, a ball as big as you can afford to buy, an express wagon, some nuts, candy, an orange, a big red apple.  
Your nice little girl,  
NELLIE COX.  
Irvington, Va.

DEAR SANTA:—I am a little boy seven years old, and last Xmas I was in Princeton, N. J. This time I will be at Lillian, Va. So please come to see me and bring me some nice things. Would like to have a large toboggan and some fire works and some nice books.

Your little friend,  
C. ROSS BROTHHEAD COVINGTON.  
Lillian, Va.

DEAR SANTA CLAUS:—Please bring me your picture as I love you so well. Bring me a big doll and a trunk as you promised me, a mouth organ, a tea-set, a little ball, some nuts, candy and an apple and an orange. Good bye,  
From your dear little  
BERTHA COX.  
P. S.—A broom, a grinding organ.  
Irvington, Va.

TO FORD SANTA CLAUS.

Having heard that Santa Claus was arrested Saturday night, and fearing that he would not visit them Christmas Eve night, a small body of children in Richmond rose in arms and marched forth to see if the matter could be remedied.

The delegation strode towards the Capital. "Look here, G-vernor," they said to the elevator man, "can't you help us get Santa Claus out of jail. He's been arrested, and we ain't going to get any toys if you don't let him out. He started at them."

"Oh, yes, yes, to be sure. I'll see Mr. Ben Owen right away. I'm sure he will fix it for you. Lastways, I know he will. He's a great friend of old Santa." Then he shook his head, and ran up the elevator to see Mr. Owen.

The children ran out happy, making the gloom of old Capital resound like a nursery.

Comfort may be brought to their hearts, for the Times-Dispatch is glad to announce that the old gentleman was dismissed by Justice Crutcheff yesterday morning. The One John once had a stocking, and he could not bear to see the children disappointed.—Times-Dispatch.

**THE GOVERNOR'S SANTA CLAUS.**  
[Times-Dispatch.]  
Politicians and public men, like other people are preparing to celebrate the glorious Christmas season, and to make their annual contribution to the comfort and happiness of the less fortunate of the human family. From the highest official to the candidate for public preferment, they have all turned their eyes toward the joyous day, and are now seeking to discover how they may accomplish the greatest good to the greatest number, and shed the brightest rays of sunshine on the hearts

of others. It is a noble work, a labor of love, and none join more heartily in it than those who are the servants of the people. They have, of course, as a rule, their home ties, like other men, but after brightening their own firesides with smiles and gifts and good cheer, they operate in a broader and more comprehensive field. There is hardly a public man worthy of the name who at such times as this, when all the world is in a fraternal and forgiving mood, does not stretch forth his hand and perform some noble deed for the uplift of his race. This is especially true of the executive and judicial officers of the government of the United States to the man who presides over a magistrate's court in the country. There must be laws against the crime, and they must be executed in the interest of society and public safety. But stern justice is often tempered with mercy, and the appeals of mothers, sisters, wives and daughters are always more effective, when attended by the touching circumstances and sentiments surrounding the day now about to be observed again throughout the world.

Governors and judges relent in many cases under the softening influences of the occasion and in making up their minds to unlock prison cells they frequently say in their hearts: "The poor fellow has suffered enough. I'll send him back to his family, and give him another chance in the race of life."

It is a time when prosecuting attorneys and jurors are wont to sign petitions for the clemency or pardon of men convicted by them which in the cold, stern world of everyday life, they would feel constrained to reject, and coming under these circumstances such petitions appeal the more strongly to the pardoning power.

Though there are no little Swansons to keep the Governor's Mansion in an uproar of Christmas hilarity, the Chief Executive of the State has it in his power to gladden many hearts on Christmas Day.

Always considering first what is his duty to the people of the State under the law, the Governor is yet a man of delicate feelings and sympathies, and his heart is frequently touched by the appeals that are made to him in the interest of deserving men who have nearly finished their terms in prison.

"Dear Governor,—Please send our papa home to us for a Christmas gift. We are so lonely without him." is a sample of appeals that come into the executive office almost every year about this time from little children, who have never had the benefits of a father's care, and the present Governor and others have been known to grant the requests, if, upon investigation, they found the cases in question deserving of executive clemency.

Governor Swanson is now at work on a list of Christmas pardons, which he will announce in a few days, and though it cannot be stated who or how many will be released, it is certain that his action will result in the brightening of many hearts, and perhaps in making good citizens of those thus favored.

OYSTER BEDS NOT POLLUTED.  
Expert Found Virginia Conditions Excellent.

After making an extensive investigation of the oyster beds of Lynhaven Bay and river in Princess Anne county, Dr. Walter Bessel, of the New York State Health Department, has returned home, convinced that oysters from these beds are absolutely free from danger from contamination from sewage.

This investigation was conducted on account of the fact that recently oysters offered for sale on the New York market have not been in first-class condition, and it was thought this might have been due to conditions at the oyster beds. Accordingly the Health Department sent out three experts to make investigations at Sayville, L. I., Cape Cod, Mass., and Lynhaven, Va., from which sources of supply that is used in the leading hotels of that city comes. Dr. Bessel, who has been simply to ascertain if there was any sewage emptying into the bay and river, did not take him long to find out that there was no such source of contamination. He also inspected the methods of preparing the oysters for shipment, and pronounced them all right.

**ORDERS OF PUBLICATIONS.**  
In the Clerk's Office of the Circuit Court of the County of Lancaster, on the 25th day of November, 1908.  
Hannah Parks, Plaintiff,  
against  
Isaac Parks, Defendant.

The object of this suit is to obtain a divorce a vinculo matrimonii, and it appearing from a certified copy of the judgment of the Circuit Court of Lancaster County, Virginia, herein filed that the defendant, Isaac Parks, has been sentenced by said Court to confinement in the penitentiary, it is ordered that he do appear here within fifteen days after due publication hereof, and do what may be necessary to protect his interest in this suit. And it is further ordered that a copy hereof be published once a week for four weeks in the VIRGINIA CITIZEN, a newspaper published in the County of Lancaster, and that a copy be posted at the front door of the courthouse of this county on the 7th day of December, 1908, that being the next succeeding rule day after this order was entered.

A copy—Teste: WM. CHILTON, Clerk.  
F. G. NEWBILL, p. q.

In the Clerk's Office of the Circuit Court for the County of Lancaster, on the 25th day of November, 1908.  
Erasmus Brown, Plaintiff,  
against  
Kizzie Brown, Defendant.

The object of this suit is to obtain a divorce from the defendant a vinculo matrimonii. And it appearing from a certified copy of the judgment of the Circuit Court of Lancaster County, Virginia, herein filed that the defendant, Isaac Parks, has been sentenced by said Court to confinement in the penitentiary, it is ordered that he do appear here within fifteen days after due publication hereof, and do what may be necessary to protect his interest in this suit. And it is further ordered that a copy hereof be published once a week for four weeks in the VIRGINIA CITIZEN, a newspaper published in the County of Lancaster, and that a copy be posted at the front door of the courthouse of this county on the 7th day of December, 1908, that being the next succeeding rule day after this order was entered.

Teste: WM. CHILTON, Clerk.  
F. G. NEWBILL, p. q.

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